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Novus Epigrammatum Delectus :

OR, ORIGINAL

STATE EPIGRAMS,

A N D

M I N O R O D E S :

S U I T E D to the T I M E S.

All WRITTEN by the same AUTHOR.

—————Arma tenenti,
Omnia dat, qui iusta negat. L U C A N.



L O N D O N :

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

T H E
DEDICATION

T O T H E

Right Honourable Mr. PITT

One of His MAJESTY's Principal

SECRETARIES of STATE.

SIR,

TO your wise schemes, and patriot zeal we owe
The laurels won, and ravish'd from the foe
That distant worlds begin our power to own.
And pay their homage to the British throne;
While savage realms our dreaded flags revere,
Which ride triumphant now in every sphere;

N

DEDICATION.

No region, by the sun's bright eye survey'd,
Where Albion's victor sails are not display'd;
The terror of each India's distant shore;
Where Gallia's fading lilies shine no more.

STILL let your breast, a warm ambition fire!
Already high, to lift your merit higher;
Each stage of life, with so much honour pass'd,
Oh! crown it with the fairest, and the last!
Your race of glory will be nobly run,
By peace secur'd that fame, our swords have won,
While Bourbon at his conqueror's feet falls down;
And begs a braver king to spare his crown!

THE guileful mask, let subtle statemen wear;
'Tis your first fame to be, what you appear.
Acting the patriot's, not the courtier's part,
Your voice still breaths the language of your heart;
A double praise, your eloquence's due,
Which pleases, and at once convinces too.
Thus the bright sun its various gifts displays,
Enlightens first, then warms us with its rays.

THO. NEWCOMB.

T H E



T H E

P R E F A C E.

TH E learned Mr. Rapin, in his excellent reflections on poetry, has observed that the Epigram, of all the works in verse, which antiquity has produced, is the most inconsiderable, yet still he allows it has it's beauties.

TH E S E beauties generally consist either in a delicate turn, or a happy word; the Greeks have understood this sort of poetry, otherwise than the Latins.

T H E

THE Greek Epigram runs upon a lucky turn of thought, that is natural, but at the same time, fine and subtle. The Latin Epigram, upon a false taste, that sway'd in the beginning of the decay of the pure latinity, which endeavours to surprise the mind, by some nipping word, which is call'd a point; and it is easy to observe, that the pun, the antithesis, the conundrum, and the double entendre, are the usual ornaments and flowers in most of our modern English Epigrams.

As to the difference between the two Latin writers, Catullus and Martial, the manner of the first is of a finer character, who endeavours to close a natural thought with a delicate turn
of

of words, within the simplicity of a very soft expression. Martial, on the other hand, usually terminates an ordinary thought, by some word that is surprising ; and all persons of good taste have prefer'd the manner of Catullus before that of Martial ; there being more true delicacy in the one than the other. We find very little considerable, in the Epigrammatists of latter ages, as it is one of that sort of verses, in which an author is very seldom successful ; an Epigram, being of little worth, like other poetry, if it is not admirable.

As to the definition, and essentials of an Epigram, critics are very much divided ; the Greeks confine their Epigrams in a very narrow compass ; and
thought

though in the Anthologia, we here and there meet with a very long one, yet usually, they do not exceed, or, at the most, run beyond eight verses: the Latins are not always so scrupulous; and the moderns less so, as to these bounds.

Mr. Le Brun defines an Epigram, to be a little poem, susceptible of all kind of subjects; and ending with a lively, just, and unexpected thought; which he says, are qualifications essential to the Epigram, particularly to the first, and the last of them. Viz. point and brevity; the ordinary limits of it, from two to twenty verses; though we have instances in the antients and moderns, where they extend to fifty. But still it
is

is allow'd, the shorter the better, as it partakes more of the nature and character of this kind of poem. The point or turn is much insisted on by most critics, who require the Epigram constantly to close with something poignant, and unexpected; to which the rest of the composition, is always preparatory; others exclude the point, and require the thought to be equally diffus'd through the whole poem, without laying the whole stress upon the close; the former is usually Martial's practice, and the latter, that of Catullus.

A FRENCH author observes, that the Epigram is the lowest, and least considerable of all the productions of poetry; and that it is rather the effect of good luck,

luck, than art to succeed therein ; the fineness and subtlety of it, Mr. Boileau observes, should turn on the words, rather than the thought : which seems very little to the credit of this kind of composition, as it reduces it to the nature of a pun, or equivoue.

ONE great beauty of an Epigram, is to leave something for the reader to guess and supply ; as nothing pleases the mind so much, as to find something of itself, in the object presented to it ; nor does any thing disgust it more, than being precluded from shewing and exercising a faculty, it values itself so much upon.

THE author of a new collection of French Epigrams, has many excellent observations, on the nature of this kind of poetry; he defines an Epigram, an ingenious thought, deliver'd in a few verses; he says, that it admits of a great variety of subjects, as some are design'd to praise, others to satirize; which last are much the easiest; ill-nature serving instead of point or wit. Boileau's Epigrams, are all satires upon one or other; those of De Reux are all made in honour of his friends; and those of madam Scudery are so many eulogies; the Epigram being only a single thought, it would be ridiculous to express it, in a great number of verses; it must have it's unity, like the drama; the comedy has

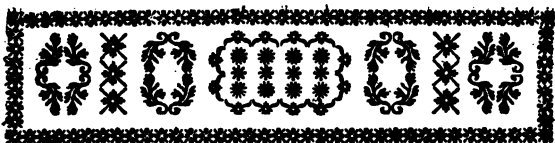
has an action for it's subject, the Epigram, a thought.

How far these critical rules have been observed, in the following collection, must be submitted to the judgment of the public.

T. N.



Novus



Epigrammatum Novus Delectus :

O R,

A NEW COLLECTION

O F

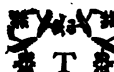
STATE EPIGRAMS,

A N D

THE SHORTER ODES, &c.



MARS and PALLAS.

 O Mars, says Pallas, as one common
friend,

 T Let both unite, our Britain to defend;
With wisdom, I each statesman's breast inspire,
You swell each hero's soul with martial fire;
Our aid by turns to each while we impart,
Their country's love dilating every heart;

B

•Tis

Tis done — her troops are arm'd, her fleets are
mann'd ;

Two mortals act, what two immortals plann'd ;
Prudence with bravery, zeal with courage joins,
And Howe compleats each scheme, as Pitt designs.
When bold the warrior, and the patriot wife,
Success and glory are their double prize.

THUS in the bounding arrows rapid flight,
The arm impels, the eye directs it right ;
One, when 'tis launch'd, accelerates its speed ;
One guides it steady to the mark decreed ;
Th' unerring shaft the prize appointed claims,
Nor once mistakes the point, at which it aims.

The PARTHIAN.

HIS foe, the Parthian better to amuse,
First flies, then turns, and afterwards pursues ;
Firmor, on a quite different plan relies,
For Firmor conquers first, and after flies ;
Prussia, of numbers slain no longer boast,
For he is victor here, who loses most ;
Secure of fame the Russian Mars in fight,
Who gathers wreaths and laurels from his flight.

On

On the Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg.

HIS sword with Gallic blood, when Cæsar stain'd,
 His pen secur'd that fame his sword had gain'd ;
 Prussia, his great fore-fathers acts has shewn,
 And not to shade 'em, has conceal'd his own.
 His own memoirs had the brave warrior wrote,
 His ancestors renown had been forgot ;
 Less veneration to their virtues pay'd,
 His own exploits had he himself display'd.

HER nymphs less fair and beauteous thus appear,
 When beauty's queen herself is standing near ;
 And every planet's sickly light decays,
 Lost in the rising sun's refulgent rays.

On two rival Kings.

NEITHER resolv'd the palm to yield,
 The contest undecided yet ;
 George always conquers in the field,
 Bourbon as oft in the Gazette.

No monarch's fame would shine so bright,
 Or fairer in each Gallic muse;
 Were Bourbon victor in the flight,
 Oft as he triumphs in the news.

A prudent Resolution---On the same.

MAD fools alone, in battles pant for fame;
 Repose and quiet are your wiser aim!
 In fight great monarchs often meet with strokes;
 And bullets visit kings like other folks.
 To your Versailles in safety you retreat,
 And leave it to your generals — to be beat.

M I N E R V A.

VAIN Pallas! Boast no more your dreadful shield;
 Your Ægis blazing o'er the sanguine field;
 That monarch view, and own more foes have fled
 From Frederic's sword, than from Medusa's head.

German Gratitude.

FROM Prussia Daun oblig'd to fly,
 And losing half ten thousand men;
 Thanks the kind gods — His reason why?
 Because he sav'd another ten.

Thus

Thus a fond cat, upon her bed,
 That hugs and nurses kittens five !
 Two lost, who troubles not her head,
 But joys, that three are still alive.

On a religious Monarch,

J. EWIS is often heard to pray,
 Forgetful of his royal spouse ;
 What might the kneeling lover say !
 — Dear Pompadour, ah ! hear my vows,

While I thy heavenly smiles enjoy,
 From every anxious passion free ;
 My crown if lost, I lose a toy,
 If still, my fair, possessing thee,

*On the Duke of Cumberland receiving a Shot
 at the Battle of Dettingen.*

PROUD Bourbon, honoured with thy scars,
 In Voltaire's muse had soard a god ;
 And with Alcides, Jove, and Mars,
 On the same cloud above had rood ;

Their thirst of glory is the same,
Tho' different views each hero fire;
While William strives to stretch his fame,
Bourbon to keep his limbs entire.

To the Empress Queen.

TO know exact the number of thy slain,
Ask not thy general, but each bleeding plain;
This better, than thy flying chiefs can tell,
What heaps expir'd, what gasping victims fell;
If not, consult thy wretched nation's fears,
Thy orphans sorrows, and thy widows tears.

To Doctor Taylor.

SIGHT to the blind thou dost impart;
Yet, ah! How great were our surprize,
Hadst thou, fam'd oculist, the art,
To clear and open Austria's eyes.

On

On the King of Prussia.

IF Frederic's age should be enquired —
— Forty perhaps, or something more —
If by his victories acquir'd,
The warrior must have reach'd fourscore.

From no state annals we can guess,
How old the matchless king appears !
Number his laurels — they express
Exact the number of his years.

On the French Unpoliteness.

HER compliments so long delay'd,
Shall France by Britain be outdone ?
To Gaul, three visits we have pay'd !
And she has not return'd us one.

Tho' Lewis does our favours flight,
Should we oblige him with one more ;
Say, would not Howe be thought polite,
Suppose he makes three visits four ?

Friendly Advice to the French King.

SINCE your masculine captains have promis'd in
vain,

The fame you have lost, by their swords to regain;
Tho' a little unskill'd in the rude fighting trade,
Pray arm out next summer a female brigade;
Your petticoat warriors, perhaps may do more
Than your marshals in breeches have e'er done
before!

Your colonels dismiss'd, if these charge in their
room;

A pinner may look full as fierce as a plume;
Their stratagems various, a foe to surprize;
If their pistols mis fire, who can kill with their eyes.

On the frequent Change of the French Generals.

THIS chief to grace, now Lewis is inclin'd,
Succeeded by another in a trice;
Say, why — the monarch thinks it quite unkind,
To see one gallant leader beaten twice!

1 9 1

Clermont ! Thy prince's favour then withstand,
Nor in the battle wish for Richlieu's place ;
Since every honour, every new command,
Is still attended with some new disgrace.

On the French Alliance.

WITH whatsoever empires else ally'd,
Bourbon and Heaven are seldom of a side ;
How mystic is their zeal ? How strange to see,
That christian kings and Heaven should ne'er agree !
Whose aid they beg, upon whose arm they trust,
For what ? — to help to make 'em more unjust.

*Of the Flight of the Russians after the Battle
of Crustein.*

FIRMOR ! Thy nimble troops had wonders done,
At fam'd Olympus striving for renown ;
For there the combatants who fastest run,
Are always sure to wear the victor's crown.

On the French Gazette.

THO' her losses were greater, more deep her
distress, -

Yet France all her griefs, with one stratagem eases;
She prints her own lists, which she sends to the
press,

And can slay or defeat, just what number she
pleases.

Her glory immortal, all Europe would think,
Did her swords kill as many as die by her ink,
How mystic her triumphs, whose murdering
quill,

More foes, than her muskets and bayonets kill.

To the King of Prussia.

TO seize your crown, whilst France and Austria
join,

'Tis but to make your glory fairer shine;
Each well-fought battle gives you fresh renown,
And adds another gem to deck your crown;
Augments its lustre with a brighter ray,
And turns your morn into the fullest day.

On t

OH! nobly form'd, to give all Europe rest ;
 To quell the proud, and succour the distress :
 Heaven guides your sword, directs each flying ball,
 When your loud thunders pierce the tim'rous Gaul,
 Viewing the lillies from each standard tore,
 Each German field distain'd with Gallic gore ;
 Which round each plain in larger streams shall flow,
 Whene'er thy gallant squadrons meet a foe.

WHAT can that hero's matchless ardor tame,
 When winter storms his courage more enflame ?
 The chilling northern blast, whose soul defies,
 His fire augmented by the freezing skies ?
 Unaw'd by Danger's, and by Fortune's frown,
 A bed of straw how oft his bed of down ?
 A monarch sleeping by a peasant's feet,
 His royal pillow scarce so soft and sweet.
 When rescuing injur'd nations from distress,
 You fight to save and conquer, but to bless ;
 'Tis not ambition does your vengeance wake,
 But Europe's dying liberties at stake ;
 That realms by you from dire oppression freed,
 Freedom might smile again — or tyrants bleed.

Your

Your thirst, is but a thirst of virtuous fame;
Your sword almost less dreaded than your name.

PURSUÉ your conquests, in each action brave!
A victor still, where e'er your ensigns wave.
Scatter confusion, dread and death around,
Where your dread colours blaze, or thunders sound;
Till Britain rescued from her fears, shall see
Her throne secur'd, her empire sav'd by thee.

*On a Cargo of French Muffs taken by the
Prussians.*

LEWIS, the winter harsh, the season rough,
To each of his brave colonels sends a muff;
Knowing his troops too tender to resist
The foe, without a fur upon each wrist:
For who could prime his gun, or pistol hold,
Whose aching fingers were benumm'd with cold?
Prussia, a different scheme in war approves,
Whose hardy veterans charge without their gloves;
Defy the rigour of the cutting air,
And fight and conquer, with their knuckles bare.

BOURBON,

BOURBON, if wreaths and triumphs are thy aim,
 Think of some wiser arts, to purchase fame;
 Some other schemes, thy rival to subdue,
 Warm muffs, without keen swords, will never do.
 Thy shivering chiefs would act a nobler part,
 Wouldst thou send something that would warm
 their heart;
 Less for their courage, than their heels admir'd;
 With fighting oft; with flying seldom tir'd.
 Whose troops would never fail success to meet,
 Were battles to be won, by nimble feet.

A friendly Admonition to the Empress.

WOULDST thou be lost and ruin'd quite,
 Without a friend or pity die;
 'Gainst Prussia's hero choose to fight,
 And boast Versailles for thy ally.

Whose treacherous vows, ah! learn to shun;
 Too weak thy empire to defend;
 Thou canst not yet be quite undone,
 'Till France is chose to be thy friend.

*On a private Person advanced by his merits, to
the first honours of the State.*

THUS antient Rome, her great dictators found
Tilling their Latian, or their Sabine ground ;
But when her fields with hostile troops o'er-spread,
When Pyrrhus, or when Carthage was her dread ;
Just in the dangerous crisis of her fate,
Her chiefs were call'd to save her sinking state.
Her joyful tribes now round their chariots flow,
Grac'd with a Græcian or a Gallic foe ;
The warriors long forgot, they now adore
Crown'd with those laurels, which they nurs'd
before.

IN Pitt, another Cossus we admire,
Born to awake each drowsy warrior's fire,
Once more to make his Britain's bravery known,
And shake the Gallic tyrant on his throne ;
Whose eloquence, each venal rival's dread,
Strikes faction speechless, and corruption dead.

Gallic

Gallic Piety.

FRANCE in her warlike schemes for ever crost,
Has still her anthems for each battle lost :
More of her troops, kind Frederic, if you kill,
You make her pious king, more pious still.

Killing no Death. To the King.

MISTAKEN prince ! Your schemes can ne'er
be right :
No more against a foe immortal fight.
Kill half his cat-kind troops, one day, at five,
At six next morn, you find 'em all alive ;
Tho' prostrate in the field, you see 'em lie,
Kill 'em you must once more, before they die.
In vain, these Hydra armies you subdue ;
One head lopp'd off, who his and fight with two.

On the Arms of the German Empire.
To the King.

AUSTRIA, the royal bird of Jove may prize,
Which bears the god triumphant thro' the skies.
The eagle on her flags may proudly shine ;
Austria's the eagle, but Jove's thunder 's thine.

On the Art of Flying.

OF Dædalus, a-croſs the air, who flew
O'er lands and ſeas, the Roman poet ſings !
Frederic, the flying art does now renew ;
Say Prussia, where did you procure your wings !
Your pinions ſtrong, which bear you out of fight,
E'er your plumes flag, and e'er your vigour fails;
Purſue your courſe, direct your next bold flight
(You know the road,) to Paris, or Verſailles.

The new Coalition.

SAYS Lewis one day, in his closet confin'd,
 Tho' to humble my foes, my own pow'r is too
 small ;
 Yet the devil and I, when our forces are join'd,
 Shall soon be a match, and too hard for 'em all.

On my brother's support, I may safely depend :
 For Satan to France, has been always a friend ;
 Our fleets when engaged, and our armies must fly,
 If we lose such a trusty, and faithful ally.

*The humble Petition of a French Officer taken
 Prisoner by the Prussians.*

WHEN Monsieur found a Prussian at his throat,
 Ah ! spare he cries, nor wound this martial coat ;
 Embroidered all, and stiff with lace and gold,
 So rich a vest, no taylor ever sold ;
 To my toupee and scarf some mercy shew,
 You kill the hero, if you spoil the beau ;
 My shoulder, see it bare, I value not ;
 But, oh ! take pity on my shoulder knot !

C

Than

Than death itself, 'twould pain my bosom more,
 To view this rich furtout, these ringlets tore ;
 My dear cockade to find, or beaver hurt ;
 Or enter heaven, without a ruffled shirt.
 'Twould vex a warrior, ev'n in bliss, to find
 His hair uncurl'd, and snuff-box left behind.
 In Styx itself, I'd rather choose to howl,
 Than gain elyzium, with my linnen foul.
 " The chief uncas'd, himself half naked found ;
 " Then sighing deeply, dy'd without a wound.

On Richlieu's Barbarities at Zell.

CLOSE by the burning pile the savage stood,
 And saw the floors distain'd with Orphan's blood.
 With joy he seems to hear the wretch's cries ;
 Tho' moan'd and pity'd, by the weeping skies.
 Nero, if living, would have blush'd to see,
 A tyrant more renown'd, and fam'd than he !
 To the red flames one did the guiltless doom,
 One spar'd his subjects, when he fir'd his Rome.
 In transport, who beheld the blazing fire ;
 But saw no infants in the blaze expire.

Judas

Judas and the Pope.

A POPE compar'd with Judas — something odd !
Why ? One betrays, the other eats his god.
Doubt we to which the greatest fame is due ?
Judas, the better christian of the two.
Learn'd critics say, in guilt which most excels,
He who devours his god, or he who sells ?

On the Retreat of Count Daun from Dresden.

GREAT queen apostolic, oh ! haste, and ordain
In all thy glad churches a grateful thanksgiving;
Since Daun with his army, half wounded, half slain,
Has still the good fortune to breathe, and be
living.

Thy caution, wise Fabius*, we all must admire,
Which cause for a triumph may justly afford ;
Since we own 'tis a conquest, to fly and retire
With life, and in safety, from Frederic's keen
sword.

* A name confer'd on Count Daun.

On the French Prisoners in England.

EACH Gallic captive by his fetters gains ;
 Is pleas'd, and triumphs in his happy chains.
 Back to their country, none desire to fail ;
 Feeding much better in a British jail.
 Their tripe and meagre, long their poor relief,
 Exchanging now for pudding, pork, and beef.
 Delighted more with their confinement here ;
 Than keeping Lent at home, for half the year.
 In cruelty, ah ! why should you delight !
 Give 'em their freedom, GEORGE, you starve 'em
 quite ?

To France return'd, state offals, crusts and whey,
 Their coarse repast, and dinner of the day.
 Oblige 'em then in this one last request,
 Keep 'em still captives, and you leave 'em blest :
 Confine 'em here, you rid 'em of their pains ;
 French freedoms, more a curse, than Britain's chains.

On the French Allies.

THE battle-axe, our hardy Britons found,
 The surest weapon to inflict a wound :
 The Turk his scimiter ; the Parthian bow
 Was chose in fields of death, to gall the foe :
 Rome in her contests with invading kings,
 Still trusted to her sword, her darts and slings.

H E R fighting squadrons how does France
 defend ?
 With a saint's bone, a tooth, or finger's end :
 His living legions worsted, in their stead,
 Lewis implores assistance from the dead.
 His prayer is heard — brother now helping brother,
 One senseless skull, the guardian, of another ;
 A rib, from some fam'd martyr's coffin drawn,
 Has kill'd more foes, than great Soubize or Daun.

To the King.

IN vain your troops their bravery shew,
Their swords quite needless to chastize ;
A perjurd rival wants no foe
His guilt to punish, but the skies !

'Gainst impious power, and lawless might
Your sword will always have the odds ;
With men alone your armies fight ;
But Bourbon's, against men and gods.

To the Empress, on her Alliance with France.

WHILE France, her treacherous arms employs,
Thy gasping empire to restore ;
Her friendship half thy realms destroys,
What could a hostile sword do more ?

Thus Drury nymphs, to love inclin'd,
Plunder your sob, your nose efface ;
And fatal always when most kind,
Or pox or kill, when they embrace.

On

On the French Cruelty to the English Prisoners.

WHEN Gallia's troops in battle meet success,
 Their spite is greater, as their courage less !
 See the brave British youth, not doom'd to die,
 Pallid and faint, in her dark dungeons lie ;
 Oppress'd with hunger, loaded with their chains,
 The haughty victor, smiling at their pains.
 The weeping walls around 'em drop a tear,
 And seem with pity their complaints to hear ;
 While the proud foe with joy attends their moan,
 Ah ! more relentless, than the softer stone.
 How kinder much, by Gallia's sword to die,
 Than live, to perish by her cruelty.
 In torments to prolong the wretch's fate ;
 Her mercy full as savage, as her hate.

Advice to a French Officer indisposed.

IF a doctor you want to get rid of your pain,
 At Berlin, a learned physician you'll see ;
 None pierces or opens a Gallican vein,
 With half the success, or so nicely as he.

Tho' the method he takes for effecting your cure,
 May the cause of some doubt to his patients afford;
 His hand never shakes, but is steady and sure,
 For the lancet he uses, is always a sword.

A PROPHECY.

WHEN Britain's tow'ring navies Neptune saw,
 Spread o'er his seas, the subject deep to awe;
 The power of ocean lifting up his head
 Above the waves, to each brave leader said;
 That potent sceptre, lend me to controul
 The briny floods, which all around me roll;
 I place it, hers by right, in Britain's hand,
 From pole to pole to stretch her wide command:
 To the sea's sov'reign, now no longer mine,
 My power at once, and trident I resign;
 My Tritons on their shells, shall sound his fame,
 And Neptune's quite be lost, in George's name.

O'ER every nation, which the sun surveys,
 Or with it's rising, or it's setting rays;
 Unaw'd by foes, his ensigns shall prevail,
 With victor laurels, grac'd each opening sail;
Whose

Whose ill shall ne'er my broken faith arraign,
While Jove himself confirms, what I ordain.

The O R A C L E.

L E W I S, impatient quite to know
His fate next spring upon the Rhine,
Anxious the while, resolves to go,
And clear his doubts, at Phœbus' shrine.

Strait to the oracle he went,
Made a low bow ; when drawing near,
' Pray (says the God) with what intent,
' What mighty business brought you here ?

' From your dread tripod (he reply'd)
' Prophetic power, I fain would know,
' If fortune, turning on my side,
' I once may hope to crush my foe ?

' In my presages, oft I'm out,
' But if to Britain you repair,
' She may perhaps resolve your doubt :
' The surest oracle is there.

' What

- What she decrees, you must admit,
 - Nor ask one single reason why ;
- Three sages, Anfon, Howe, and Pitt,
 - Are prophets, full as wise as I.

- To speak my mind, if I may guess,
 - From what already has been pass'd ;
- Your troops will have the same success,
 - The next campaign, as in the last.'

Lewis, who thought the answer odd,
Not suited to his hopes, or pride ;
Look'd sour,—and told the simple god,
In anger, that his worship ly'd.

- No more, says he, upon your shrines
 - From me, the hallow'd victim bleeds ;
- My gen'ral's are as good divines,
 - Better perhaps, than Delphos breeds.'

On the English Fleet in Harbour.

S P R E A D out so lately on the crowded deep,
 Why in their ports, do Britain's navies sleep ?
 Say, from their dreaded foe, do they retire,
 Or have they lavish'd all their shot and fire ?
 Says Howe, My gallant sailors want employ ;
 France now has left them little to destroy ;
 When next her flags appear upon the main,
 The British thunders will be heard again ;
 Why my brave tars enjoy a short repose,
 Is not for want of courage—but of foes !

A noble Resolution.

SAYS Bourbon, one day, I shall ne'er be at rest
 Till my empire extends from the east to the west
 Till this state, nor that state, my power does confine
 Stretch'd out from the Ganges and Ind. to the Rhine
 Proud Prussia, the first who my vengeance shall feel
 And Britain the next at my footstool shall kneel ;
 In another campaign, I am fix'd on her throne :
 Says George, Mighty sir, first be sure of your own
Wha

'Hate'er you may fancy, you sink in renown ;
 totters already—take care of your crown :
 my navy, your terror, next summer prevails,
 may pay you a visit, perhaps, at Versailles.

On a Generous Enemy.

UR forest oaks are now quite useless grown ;
 France builds us fleets with timber of her own.
 My Lewis, Have your statesmen judg'd aright,
 to arm whole navies 'gainst yourself in fight ?
 our vessels thund'ring from the British shore,
 our realms defence, your guardians now no more ;
 they hear each other now with dread amaze,
 While Gallic against Gallic cannons blaze.
 Let to our foe we presents send as good,
 returning bullets, in exchange for wood.

The Grand Coalition : or,
The Quadruple Alliance.

TWO kings and two queens, in a league lately
 join'd,
 In council deliver'd their diff'rent opinions ;
 What

What scheme was the wisest; what methods to
find,

From Prussia to ravish her crown and dominions.

Sage Fred'ric the while, standing close by their side,

Attended each word of their politic chat ;

While his empire between 'em the sovereigns
divide,

As you shall have this part, and I will have that.

Says he, Mighty potentates, valiant and wise,

E'er your swords are unsheath'd, or you seize on
my throne,

In so doubtful a case, if a foe may advise,

To think of some way for securing your own.

As for you, Monsieur Lewis, I well know that
war is

Less pleasing to you than a wanton amour ;

Then abandon the war, and return back to Paris,

To comfort and solace your dear Pompadour.

Great madam of Austria, I've read in the news,

How sorely by France you have oft been per-
plex'd ;

~~That~~

That you lost the last war your hood, tucker and
shoes :

Pray guard, from my hussars, your smock in the
next.

You, lady, so proud of your bears and your Ruffles,
To the burg of St. Peter I'd have you make haste,
If your lips are not tir'd, you may still spare some
buffes

To your captains and colonels who smuggl'd you
last.

You mimic of royalty, shade of a king,
As your Swedish batalions have little to boast;
Pray man a few barges, from Prussia to bring
The shatter'd remains of the squadrons you lost.

Your plots, like the web which a spider does spin,
Each thread but a trembling, scarce visible ray,
Their texture so brittle, so flimsy and thin,
With a breath, when I please, I can puff 'em
away.

All four look'd like ninnies, and hung down their
heads,
And thought on their whimsical projects no
more;

While

On.

While this way, and that way, they scamper'd and
fled,
And threw down their swords they had whetted
before.

On the French Colours being up in St. Paul's.

PAUL, once a faint, but now a Gallic beau,
In his new drefs does now himself admire ;
Around his dome so many lilies blow,
How fragrant and how gay must be his choir ?

Jupiter and Mars.

SAYS Jove to great Mars, as together they
din'd,
And pass'd a few hours, on Olympus, away,
I hear from below, that four monarchs have join'd
Our hero of Berlin with hopes to destroy.

Tho' he fights like a god, and one born in our skies,
Yet th' unequal contention must quickly be o'er ;
In vain on his courage our fav'rite relies,
For how can one warrior dispute it with four.

Says Mars, in reply, Oh! be never afraid,
From all dangers that threaten our champion is
free,
Two deities help, and he's sure of their aid,
Of lightnings from Jove, and of vigor from me.

While a brace of immortals his bosom inspire
With courage, the monarch has nothing to fear;
Each foe that now threatens, must bleed, or retire,
While you lend him your thunders, I lend him
my spear.

A happy King.

BOURBORN, contriving to be fully blest
And happy quite, the wisest scheme pursues;
No credit left, no money in his chest,
What has the monarch now to fear or lose?

Prussian Timidity.

THAT Frederic courage wants, sure none deny!
From place to place you always see him fly;
His

His rapid speed, nor rocks nor hills can stay ;
 Still posting on—but Firmor leads the way.
 One chance however may retard his flight,
 If Firmor turns, and dares renew the fight.
 A standing warrior then, the foe might see;
 The marble tow'r less firm and fix'd than He.

To the Gallican King.

T O finish your wars, as you want fresh supplies,
 Where next shall your marshals for succour repair?
 In the clouds they have always good trusty allies,
 For the devils, they tell us inhabit the air.

On the reduction of Louisbourg.

WHEN the burg of fam'd Lewis was said to be ta'en,
 It's fleet all in flames, half it's garrison slain ;
 Says Bourbon, there's none can know better than I,
 I tell you the news is all fable and lye.
 On my valiant Duroer is my trust and reliance,
 Who fights like a Mars, and bids England defiance ;
 Six thousand pale Britons lay dead on the shore ;
 By a list in my pocket, their numbers are more.

In the hands of my gen'ral the fortress is yet ;
If you credit not me, pray believe my gazette.

*On the flight of the Russians, after the battle
of Crustein.*

F R O - M fruitful plains, and vallies fair,
Why chuses Firmor to retreat ?
He better likes a chilling air,
Than in a milder to be beat.

The prudent chief, tho' brave and bold,
Thought it much wiser to retire ;
And rather freeze in Russia's cold,
Than warm himself at Dohna's fire,

On the same.

W I T H one lost battle, Firmor not content,
The doubtful war, determines to renew ;
Say Mars, Apollo say, with what intent,
To change one losing battle, into two ?

To shine at last, a victor in the field,
 Still be thy hopes, brave hero kept alive ;
 Nor to thy haughty foe e'er stoop to yield,
 Till thy two battles lost, encrease to five.

To Count D A U N.

N O wonder, that thy squadrons feel
 A terror, hearing Fred'ric's name ;
 Their swords are only brittle steel,
 His, like an angel's, temper'd flame.

The G E N I U S of E N G L A N D,
to B R I T A N N I A.

W H Y favourite goddess, penfive and alone,
 With seeming cares oppress'd, upon thy throne ?
 I come, by heaven commission'd, from the skies,
 To wipe each tear of sorrow from thy eyes ;
 To guard thy isle, from dangers that surround,
 And pour a balm into each festering wound.
 I hail thee, sov'reign empress of the main,
 Fix'd the decree above, the fates ordain ;

Each patriot's breast, with wisdom I inspire ;
 Each warriors bosom, warm with martial fire ;
 That flame which glow'd in each heroic breast,
 When vanquish'd Gaul thy matchless pow'r confess'd.
 No more shall dastard chiefs thy fleets command,
 Nor timorous generals head thy troops by land ;
 While Amherst does thy fame abroad sustain,
 And Howe, with Gallic blood the ocean stain,
 Their vengeance let thy angry foes pursue,
 If while they hate, they fear and tremble too.

A true GALLIC KING.

N O wonder that the sov'reign lord of France,
 Should live his subjects pride, and chief delight ;
 For he can sing and fiddle, dress and dance,
 And that's enough—for why should monarchs
 fight ?

The Mastiff and Curs.

F O U R snarling curs, a mastiff 'spy'd,
 Quite peaceful, and alone ;
 With wishful looks, his breakfast ey'd,
 And envy'd him his bone.

Let

Let us, they cry'd, our forces join,
 Unite our martial powers ;
 In a firm league, if we combine,
 The bone will soon be ours.

A dainty meal, we need not lack,
 And yet no danger fear ;
 If two of us his front attack,
 Two charge him on his rear.

Thus closely press'd on either hand,
 We bid his fangs defiance ;
 Too weak his courage to withstand,
 Our quadruple alliance.

Towser, who heard the puppies prate,
 Made but a short reply ;
 Since you resolve to tempt your fate,
 Prepare to bleed, or die.

Too late their rashness they deplore,
 Their strength unequal found ;
 With scars and blood all cover'd o'er,
 None 'scap'd, without a wound.

For mercy now the cowards beg,
For pardon loudly call;
He heard—then lifting up his leg,
First kick'd, then spurn'd 'em all,

Bounce, with a nose and bloody ear,
Snap with a gripe, dismiss'd ;
On Tray and Bluff, who quak'd for fear,
He only groul'd and pifs'd.

‘ Back to your kennel, slaves retire,
‘ On scraps and offals dine ;
‘ And never more at treats aspire,
‘ And banquets, nice as mine,’

Fides Punica.

CARTHAGE by falshood, gain'd an impious fame,
The arts of faithless Gaul are just the same.
A length more infamous, whose king has run ;
The pagan, by the christian king outdone.

To the apostolic Queen at VIENNA.

O N Britains sword, misguided queen depend ;
 Long thy support, and guard, and surest friend !
 From treacherous Gaul, what succours canst thou
 find ;
 Who ruins first, to shew herself more kind ?
 By friends undone, who now shall pity shew !
 To save thy empire, trust a kinder foe.
 See, what rewards, what wreaths thy falsehood gains,
 Thy subjects ravag'd half, and half in chains ;
 By famine wasted, rotting in a grave,
 Dug by a king, who vow'd thy realms to save.

On a late Descent upon FRANCE.

'THO' dreadful once, thy bursting sulph'rous cloud,
 Thy thunders, mighty Jove, for once give o'er ;
 Since Britain's vengeful cannons roar as loud,
 Pointing their flames against the Gallic shore.

Tho' launc'd by thee, the ruddy light'nings glow,
Yet, ah! unequal still, your rival power.
The British warrior, a more dangerous foe—
Jove only rends an oak—Howe splits a tower.

On the mutability of Fortune.

HOW oft, and how loudly does Fortune proclaim;
Her smiles are uncertain, her favours but brittle;
Who lately has alter'd a monarch's proud name,
From Lewis the great, to poor Lewis the little.

On the smiles of the goddess, might Britain presume,
In another campaign her battalions to bless;
A gem or two more could she pluck from his plumes
His title may dwindle from little to less.

*On a Thanksgiving at Paris, for a defeat at
Crevelt.*

To the FRENCH KING.

WITH trophies fair as these, with such success,
Thy pious arms, may heaven ever bless;

Oh!

Oh ! what can save, this fortune's fav'rite son, }
Who by his victories is half undone, }
And often loses, by a battle won ; }
Strange mystic triumph ! when to win the prize,
The vanquish'd follow, and the victor flies.

To the same.

TO cheat his subjects, Bourbon may have leave,
Who tries his God devoutly to deceive ;
Pays him the pious debts, he never ow'd,
And thanks him for those gifts, he ne'er bestow'd ;
Prophan'd by thee, who now shall dread the sky ;
Whose temples thus delude, and altars lie ;
Where joy is feign'd, by wretches in despair,
And Heaven oft banter'd, with a fulsome prayer.

On the reduction of Canada and Quebec.

OTHERS by slow degrees to glory rise ;
Britons resolve at once, and seize the prize ;
Whose ardent troops, no dangers can dismay ;
A province, but the conquest of a day.

A Grand Debate.

SAYS Lewis to Clermont, I've somewhere been }
taught, }
That angels have lac'd on their armour and }
fought ; }
And beat the black squadrons of Satan to nought. }
Suppose an express we to Heaven should send,
(It might go by a frank) to make Michael our
friend,
One ally from above, perhaps may do more
Than our colonels and captains, have e'er done
before !
How soon should I pluck down yon Hannover's
pride
Could I fight, with an cherub, well-arm'd by my
side.
On her troops and her courage, tho' Britain relies
She may dread a wing'd warrior that falls from the
skies,

The New Metamorphosis.

O L D Homer in his learned Iliad tells,
 (And Homer's word no critic sure disputes)
Of fam'd Ulysses' troops, by Circe's spells,
 And magic arts transform'd to beasts and brutes

Of wond'rous changes Ovid too is full,
 His nymphs oft turn'd to trees, to birds and cows.
Great Jove himself, a swan, a shower, a bull,
 While fair Europa, a young heifer lows.

Now had the poet liv'd, we might have seen,
 Folks in as different shapes converted soon ;
A goose, or owl, Vienna's changling queen ;
 Richlieu an ape, and Lewis a baboon.

Yet Nasso, greater still had been thy art,
 And future bards would the great wonder sing ;
Could'st thou inspire with virtue Bourbon's heart,
 And change a Gallic, to a Christian King !

On the Gallic Navy.

HER fleets equip'd, 'her waving colours fly,
 Her opening lilies blaze along the sky ;
 O'er every foe her navies must prevail,
 —But first, let Britain give 'em leave to sail ;
 To quit their ports all efforts, but in vain,
 While her dread flags controul, and awe the main.

The Resolution.

LET not thy vengeance Britain be allay'd,
 Till all his debt the perjurd Gaul has pay'd ;
 Till Austria's queen thy indignation feels ;
 Till Sweden trembles, and till Russia kneels.
 The thunder, which th' astonish'd world alarms,
 Less dreaded than thy sword, and vengeful arms.

On the Battle of Hockstead.

* **B**E G A R, says a monsieur, the battle just o'er,
 * Bote side be de terrible coward I find ;
 * Bote tir'd wid de fighting—de French fly before,
 * And where be diff'rence den, de English behind.

De

‘ De troops of our monarch, bote nimble and light,
 ‘ On dere sword, and dere musket, but feldom
 ‘ relying,
 ‘ And de Britons, tho’ better at blows in de fight,
 ‘ Yet our gallan brigades still out-do ’em in flying.’

*On the first appearance of the Russian
 Troops.*

To the E M P R E S S.

S O rough, and so rugged, thy bearskin brigades,
 Without fighting or blows, may be conquerors
 still;
 Your captains half victors, before they invade,
 Who frighten more focs, than they wound, or
 they kill.

On the Brussels Gazette.

WHEN Austria’s triumphs, Maubert wou’d express,
 In print each week—the Devil sets the prefs;
 Black is the ink, with which the artist writes,
 But blacker much the scandal he indites;

No

No need of many falsehoods, to supply
His weekly news—'tis all ONE general lie.

On the EMPRESS, indispos'd,

SICK of the war, her losses Austria weeps,
And keeps her bed—the only thing she keeps.
But, ah ! warm blankets little help afford,
All had gone better, had she kept her word ;
Her pains are neither in her head or breast,
But 'tis her broken faith, that breaks her rest ;
Would'st thou bid all thy bosom pangs defiance,
One dose will cure—renounce thy French alliance.

On the Arms of France and England.

A NOBLE beast does Britain's colours grace ;
A pallid flower, the Gallic flags debase !
Say, critics ! think you not the contest silly,
A match betwixt a lion and a lilly ?

A French Cordial under Afflictions.

THO' the gallant exploits of the Gallican youth,
And the laurels they win, in each fortunate battle;
No where but at Paris will pass for a truth,
Yet they serve very well for a puff and a rattle.

An ode or a sonnet, in praise of their chief,
Quite eases each breast, which before was in pain;
And a joke, and a satire on pudding and beef,
Makes an ample amends for a luckless campaign.

*Upon the Inscription on a Pedestal of the
Equestrian Statue of Lewis XIV.*

Viro Immortali.

ETERNITY on earth, no doubt the prize,
Of Bourbon, always victor in each fight;
Read the inscription just below—here lies
The great immortal man—who died last night.

*On the precipitate Retreat of the Austrians
out of Saxony.*

To the KING of *P R U S S I A*.

Y O U R troops are wanted now no more ;
Useless their swords, their guns and fire ;
Send but your awful name before,
Without a blow, your foes retire.

Thus when loud thunders rend the sky,
Mortals below their terrors own ;
Fancy the fiery death is nigh,
E'er yet the ruddy bolt is thrown.

A Translation of a French Epigram.

FALSE perjur'd France ! the scourge of every state !
Thy friendship full as fatal, as thy hate ;
For thy allies, what trophies hast thou won ;
By thy base art, and treacherous schemes undone !
For Austria's queen, what zeal didst thou profess,
Yet Prussia's kinder troops have hurt her less ;

Each

Each field by thee distain'd with German gore ;
 Could Frederic's vengeance, when enrag'd do more ?
 How mystic is the blood, which friendship spills ;
 The wound how deep, when kind good nature kills ?

The Proof, a Resurrection.

HOW different is the fate of those who fall ;
 The sons of Britain, and the troops of Gaul ?
 Those die outright, whenever they are slain ;
 These kill'd in battle, live to fight again.
 His foe again, each combatant pursues,
 Tho' left stone dead, in Brussels lying news.

On the Battle of Neisse.

HEAR Philip's son, his wretched fate proclaim,
 Sighing one world, too narrow for his fame !
 Had the vain Greek his legions hither brought,
 When Prussia led his troops, or Marlbro' fought ;
 When Europe to their swords, her freedom ow'd ;
 His tears, from quite another cause had flow'd ;
 Mourning his arm too feeble to subdue,
 (When such his foes) that single world he knew.

On the same.

WHEN Cæsar's victor arm the world subdued ;
 The arts of war unknown, each foe was rude.
 Unskill'd to guide the charge, or to renew,
 The Gaul and Briton from his troops withdrew.
 While oft by pride, and wild ambition led,
 When Cæsar triumph'd, his sad country bled.
 Laurels, when heaven to Frederic's valour gave,
 His cause was honest, and his foes were brave.
 Each warlike state, 'gainst his arm that rose,
 'Twas great to quell—a fame, but to oppose ;
 All blest his sword—his tyranny none blame,
 Who, without Cæsar's guilt, shared all his fame.

On the same.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

GREAT Cæsar's rapid triumphs all admir'd ;
 From whose dread sword e'en Pompey's self retir'd ;
 He came—saw—conquer'd—Frederic's name does
 awe,
 And conquer armies, which he never saw :

What

What foe, shall then withstand the hero's might,
 Or dare his sword, who tremble at his fight ?
 A little shameful, Fabius*, your retreating ;
 Which wisely you prefer'd, before a beating.

*On the unnatural Alliance between France
 and Germany.*

To the E M P R E S S.

S U P R E M E in each, no critic sure can tell,
 In guilt or folly, if you most excell ;
 To your inveterate foe support to lend,
 Your arm to lift, against your truest friend ;
 Britain's alliance proudly to disown,
 Whose sword has more than once secur'd your
 throne !
 If no external pangs your peace molest,
 Has conscience left no sting within your breast ?
 Live then a wretch, your own accuser live,
 Rome may, but Heaven your guilt can scarce
 forgive.

E 2

Love

* A title given to Count Daun.

Love and Empire.

EACH night, in peace and quiet Lewis sleeps,
 Soft are his slumbers, quiet his repose !
 Quite happy, tho his beggar'd country weeps ;
 For why should kings regard their subjects woes ?

Of half his ruin'd empire dispossess'd,
 To sooth his bosom, beauty has it's charms ;
 His fleets and armies lost, he still is blest,
 While Pompadour lies panting in his arms.

Prussia may threaten, Britain may invade,
 Each hostile field with slaughter'd legions fill ;
 One single smile from that once blooming maid,
 Gives him to live a mighty conqueror still.

On the Reduction of Guadaloupe.

To the Hon. Colonel BARRINGTON.

HOW cruel Barrington, your savage breast,
 To fright, and give your Gallic foe no rest !

Each

Each courier that arrives, disturbs his mind,
 Fort after fort ; now this, now that resign'd ;
 Without a sugar cargo from his fleet,
 How can the monarch drink his coffee sweet ?
 On his nice palate, what a lasting stain,
 If forc'd to sip his tea and coffee plain ?
 Already fam'd, no higher glory seek ;
 But spare, in pity spare, his Martinique ;
 Or else you spoil his new thanksgiving tune,
 Compos'd to hymn his battles won in June.

Advice to the French King.

WITH care your trembling coasts defend ;
 A watchful eye on Rodney keep ;
 Your boats flat-bottom'd, may descend
 Else, to the bottom of the deep.

From Brest, before your navies ride,
 Credit a foe, 'twould be discreet,
 To wait for an eclipse, to hide
 Your squadrons from the British fleet.

With wings instead of sluggish sails,
Thy trembling vessels then supply ;
For, ah ! their canvass nought avails,
Whene'er thy navies want to fly.

*On the French Fleets, block'd up at Toulon
and Brest.*

HER fleets romantic Britain manns
In quest of fame, abroad to roam :
Great Lewis forms much wiser plans,
And navies builds, to keep at home,

Yet may they venture on the main,
And o'er each daring foe prevail ;
If Hawk's consent they first obtain,
And Broderick gives 'em leave to fail.

All for Love.

SMIT with the love of fame, and glories charms,
In bloody fields their fate let others meet ;
While Pompadour lies panting in my arms,
Says Lewis, here to die, my death is sweet.

The

The globes wide realms, let giddy heroes share,
 Who toil thro' dangers to acquire renown ;
 One single lock of my Lucinda's hair,
 I value far beyond an Eastern crown,

Low at thy altars, Venus, see I bend,
 Breathing my vows each morning at thy shrine ;
 My Western empire lost, be thou my friend,
 Still, while the fair one smiles, the world is mine,

To his ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of
CUMBERLAND.

THO' nurs'd in camps, 'midst dangers bred,
 The hardy chiefs of Greece and Rome ;
 The lawrel grac'd your victor head ;
 E'er Cæsar's wreaths began to bloom.

If fame so fair, your youthful prime,
 What must experienc'd age afford ;
 Compleat your glory at a time,
 E'er the fifth Harry drew his sword,

When such the beam, so strong and bright,
The lustre of your morning ray ;
What nobler flame, and fuller light,
Shall burst from your meridian day.

*To the same, on his gallant Behaviour at the
Battle of Dettingen.*

T O O prodigal of life ! oh ! spare
That blood, which now too warmly flows ;
Lent you, by Heaven's indulgent care,
To guard us from our future foes.

Mournful the triumph of the day,
With rebel gore your troops all lav'd ;
Were your important life to pay,
For realms subdu'd, and empire sav'd.

Pity, the warrior's generous flame,
Should Britain's anxious cares renew ;
That what augments the hero's fame,
Should wake his country's terror too.

Whose

Whose deeds the transport quite abate,
Which else would in each bosom live ;
While our kind fears for William's life,
Suppress the joy his triumphs give.

Whose daring sword we hardly bless,
Where'er it gleams, of vict'ry sure,
And almost wish his courage less,
To think the hero more secure,

TRUE ROYALTY.

To the same.

THO' from his birth no mean applause
Britain's lov'd chief may justly claim ;
Yet from his own fair acts he draws
A nobler title to his fame.

The regal arms, the proud descent,
The crest, their great forefathers gave,
Are pageants all ; and vainly lent,
Unless they make the sons more brave.

From royal veins, the blood that flows
To their great race, a glory gives ;
But he that on himself, bestows
A fame, the greatest hero lives.

To the KING of PRUSSIA.

SHEATH not, brave prince, your vengeful blade ;
Nor e'er recal the pious vow ;
Till Gallia's lillies droop and fade,
And the plume shakes on Bourbon's brow.

Till peace once more regains her throne,
Till freedom is by your toils restor'd ;
Their great assertor's bravery own,
And thank his arm, and bless his sword.

Till treason swell'd with rage in vain,
A just reward, at last, does meet ;
And tortur'd with her brazen chain,
Lies bleeding at the victor's feet.

Where the pale fury in despair,
Consents to throw her sword aside ;

And

And to the conqueror breaths a prayer,
Whose vengeance late, her arm defy'd.

On the pretended Invasion.

To the French Admiral.

S O slow, and yet so eager to invade !
Is gasconading then your Gallic trade ?
Your gallant squadrons press'd to cross the main ;
Bravely to press into their ports again.
Your fleets not losing in this naval war
A captain, boatswain, or one single tar ;
Quite joyful to their forts they now retreat,
With fame sufficient—that they were not beat.
To storm our towns, why have his cannons fail'd ?
They quite forgot their bullets when they fail'd ;
Our British walls were high, our castles higher ;
The Gallic powder wet, and would not fire,

LEWIS give orders for a new thanksgiving,
That thy brave sailors are return'd all living ;
Than death, to undergo a fate more cruel ;
Starving at home, on meagre tripe and gruel,

On the Reduction of Quebec.

FOR candles, rockets, fireworks, that display
Their lustre round, night turning into day ;
What mighty sums each month does Britain pay? }
If thus we triumph, Lewis, every year,
You'll make our powder, and our faggots dear.

On the same.

GALLIA, at last thy terrors all are o'er,
Dreading the British thunders now no more.
Thy king in safety may himself repose,
Secure from danger, and from future foes ; }
And why ?—he now has nothing left to lose.
In all his Western world, what now remains,
If won, scarce pay the victor for his pains ?

*On the Retreat of the French, after the
Battle of Minden.*

HOW cheaply are his laurels won,
With hostile gore his sword scarce stain'd ;

By

By Prussia, if not quite undone
With Contades, 'tis a battle gain'd !

No Roman chief e'er claim'd a crown,
Before his foes were soundly beat ;
Our hero on his knees falls down,
And thanks his Heaven for a retreat.

*On the French Fleet block'd up in the
Harbour at Brest.*

WHY shine those flags ? those lilies, why display
Their silver light, and open to the day ?
How peaceably in war does France behave !
Whose guns are silent, while her colours wave !
Her tall aspiring masts like forests shew,
All fix'd, as on their hills, where first they grew.
Afraid to move, where Britain's fleets appear ;
The dove thus trembles, when a Hawke is near.

DEAR Bourbon then, resign the fighting trade ;
To those who threaten, and who dare invade ;
Without the sun, his flames will shew the way,
Where Rodney lights the air, without a day.

Guida

Guide thee, without one taper in the sky,
 Where half thy smoaking forts in ruins lie ;
 Tho' now thy realms defence, by Fate's decree,
 What Troy now is, thy Dunkirk once may be.

On the same.

THY trident, Neptune, now no longer thine,
 To Britain, regent of the seas, resign :
 Thy Tritons shelly trumps are heard no more,
 Mere bagpipes, where her vengeful cannons roar ;
 See ! in her ports whole Gallic navies sleep ;
 Afraid to trust, or venture on the deep.

WHERE'ER Britannia's awful flags appear,
 The rock and tempest less augment their fear :
 The storm may threaten ; surges lash the shore,
 But Howe's loud thunders terrify much more ;
 To whose resistless fleet, alone, 'tis lent
 To imprison, and besiege a continent ;
 Whose foes, a conquest boast, when they retire,
 And think it glory, to escape his fire.

SAY, Lewis ! will your new flat-bottom'd barges,
 Defray the cost of timber and of charges ;

Which

Which rotting, yet may serve another turn ;
 They cannot fight indeed, but they may burn ;
 And thus a higher glory may acquire,
 To warm your tea, and light a monarch's fire ;
 Nice barks, whene'er you want to sup or dine,
 To bring you crabs, or lobsters, up the Seyne ;
 Or when you treat your marshals at Versailles,
 To grace your royal feast, with frogs and snails.
 With cockboat-barges then attempt no more,
 To land your armies on the British shore ;
 The rash attempt, your Paris else may rue,
 And Bellisle share the fate of monsieur Clue.

*On the Empress Queen's sending Marshal
 Daun's Hat and Sword to Rome, to be
 bless'd and consecrated by the Pope.*

AH ! Frederic ! be cautious, take heed how you go ;
 Nor venture a battle, next Summer's campaign ;
 To purchase fresh laurels, and vanquish your foe,
 Your bombs and your cannons will thunder in vain.

On the thoughts of your bravery, no more be
repos'd,

Since Daun from your lance, no impression can
feel ;

In a suit of strong armour, your rival enclos'd,

Which mocks the weak thrust, and the point of
your steel.

Ah ! Prussia, at last be your terrors confess,

On your troops and their courage, no longer
presume ;

Your foe, with his sword lately christen'd and blest,

From your head may soon ravish, and brush off
your plume.

Great queen apostolic ! what need of gens d'arms,

Of Calmucks and Cossacks your legions to fill ;

Your generals keen blade will defend you from
harms,

Wherever he waves it, ne'er failing to kill.

What triumphs and fame your brave leader must
boast,

The hope of fresh lawrels, what transports inspire ;

You mistress of Europe, now ruling the roast,

Poor Ferdinand warming his nails at the fire.

If Rome's benediction, his war-horse had got,
Your hero might laugh at the cannons vain sound;
Either charge or retreat; either gallop or trot
Thro' the battle, without any dread of a wound.

Who then shall pretend with your armies to cope,
What monarch the strength of your empire deride?
When Russia and Paris, the Devil and Pope,
Four trusty allies, have engag'd on your side.

Yet Daun, tho' your wisdom is very profound,
The hat which was sent you, may prove a
deceiver;
For credit the muse, you may meet with a wound
In battle, in spite of your catholic beaver.

A good British blade, if made keen by a George,
Will open a gash, full as deep and as fine;
As the weapons of Austria, tho' work'd on the forge
Of your Vulcans, who ply on the Danube or
Rhyne.

On the British Conquests in America.

THE Western world, to ages past unknown,
 Britain's victorious fleets have made our own :
 The swarthy Indians, now our flags adore,
 And pay their homage to the sun no more.
 To Nature's farthest bounds, our navies fly,
 Nor dread the freezing, or the burning sky ;
 In every distant clime to purchase fame,
 No ice the pole, the tropics have no flame ;
 To the rich glebe, her oaks their vigor owe,
 But Britain's laurels in the ocean grow :
 Here all their beauty, and renown they gain ;
 Deep rooted, in their element, the main.

On Marshal Daun's going on a Pilgrimage.

GOOD pious Daun, before he takes the field,
 Upon a pilgrimage resolves to go ;
 And thinks it quite profane, his sword to wield,
 E'er he has kiss'd some holy martyrs toe.

Barefooted now, the zealous chief prepares,
 To visit some religious musty shrines;
 And on his bended knees, invokes the prayers
 Of each kind faint, to prosper his designs.

With a sanctify'd rag of a smock or a shirt,
 From the tail of a nun, or the back of a friar;
 Assur'd that a bullet could do him no hurt,
 Tho' he charg'd and he fought, in the midst of
 the fire.

Each buckram poppet smil'd; was heard to say,
 Brave warrior, buckle on your coat of mail;
 In the next battle, yours the glorious day;
 Trust to our promises, which never fail.

To his great queen, in raptures he returns;
 Celestial vigor does his breast inspire;

While for the fight, he wishes, pants and burns,
 His thoughts high-mounting, and his soul on fire.

At Rome, his hat and sword already blest,
 In his cram'd pockets, relic's now in store!

Ah! Frederic! tho' of glory once posselt,
 Thus arm'd, your rival kills all hopes of more.

Think e'er you venture to the dangerous field,
 Or to attack the Marshal, or pursue ;
 In vain you pierce his consecrated shield,
 And fight against a faint and hero too.

In time, of thy resistless foe afraid,
 From the dread warrior, gallops fast away ;
 With Mary, and with Bridget for his aid,
 'Tis wise to leave the field—'tis death to stay.

To the French Admiral at Brest.

AT anchor still your navies ride,
 Imprison'd on the Gallic shore ;
 A wind perhaps, or favouring tide,
 Are wanting, to convey 'em o'er.

Why in their harbours close confin'd ?
 Dear Conflans once the truth declare ;
 'Tis not for want of tide or wind ;
 'Tis Britain's flag, detains 'em there.

Three

Three Simile's properly apply'd.

THE cautious rat, oft us'd abroad to strole,
 When puffs is nigh, keeps close within his hole;
 The tim'rous lark, ne'er leaves her grassy bed,
 While the dread falcon hovers o'er her head;
 And the proud lordly stag betrays a fear,
 When his dire foe, the opening pack is near:
 Thy hopes of conquest, Bourbon thus are o'er,
 While Howe lies thundering on the Gallic shore;
 Back to the ports, thy trembling navy runs,
 Their anchors of more service, than their guns,

Love of Fame.

WITH envy all on their superiors look;
 The 'squire would be a knight, the knight, a duke;
 The priest, as warm a candidate for fame,
 Does proudly at the prelate's mitre aim;
 While monarchs, scorning fame beneath the skies,
 Pant, to be rank'd with kindred deities.
 Ambition fires the coward and the brave,
 A passion, scarce extinguish'd in the grave:

Warm'd by it's flame, the base and bold we see;
What Prussia is, poor Lewis fain would be!
Trophies and triumphs flutter in his head;
His field of battle, a soft feather-bed;
Where beauty does his amorous breast inspire;
And Pompadour assists to fan his fire.

*On the Toulon Squadron passing through the
Gut of Gibralter undiscover'd.*

T O O late, La Clue, his aukward fate,
Begins alas ! to curse;
Who cunningly got thro' one strait,
To fall into a worse !

Convinc'd at last, it was in vain,

Or to resist, or fly;
When riding victors on the main,
Britannia's flags are nigh.

A partridge thus, who 'scapes the net,
Thinks all her danger past;
Till by a Hawke the victim met,
Becomes his prey at last.

On a late Auction at Paris,

WALK in, genteels, and purchase—here are sold;
 Whate'er you fancy, if you have but gold.
 Here we sell naval captains by the score,
 Whose blades ne'er drank one ounce of English gore.
 Nice warriors who, well dress'd, for glory strain;
 Draw out their swords—to put 'em up again.
 What tho' they courage want—yet for supplying
 That want, they all are dexterous quite at flying.
 See next, a royal strumpet to be sold;
 For, now our monarch thinks, she grows too old;
 The maid of Orleans, sav'd our realms before;
 Now threatened, to be ruin'd by a whore.
 A king's desire, too homely to fulfill,
 She yet may serve, to please a subject still;
 Flat-bottom boats to sell ye, we have got;
 Better be sold, than lie at home and rot.
 Who bids for navies, in their ports which keep;
 Which never dar'd, to cross the dangerous deep;
 With safety, better pleas'd at Brest to stay,
 For fear of meeting Hawke, that bird of prey.

Here we have peaceful troops let out to hire,
 Whose muskets have long since forgot to fire.
 Chiefs frighted at a trumpet's sound, and some
 Who turn quite pale, if near a rattling drum ;
 Whose ear, much softer notes would better suit ;
 Quite ravish'd, with a fiddle or a flute.
 Here great Contades, his fame in fight not small ;
 For nine-pence, yours—both hero, plume and all,
 Tho' not renown'd for fighting, or for cunning,
 No footman e'er excell'd the chief in running ;
 Who wants our tars, one strait, who boldly past,
 To fall into a strait much worse at last.
 The brave de Clue we sell, that chief of fame,
 His legs shot off—tho' now a little lame ;
 Not want of courage, but the work of chance,
 He still may fight—altho' he cannot dance.

OLD Richlieu next—we sell him by the pound,
 Who ne'er in fight, could boast a scar or wound ;
 Tho' no brave marshal bounc'd, or rattled louder,
 He never could endure the smell of powder.
 How cheap are generals ?—If you bid no more,
 You have him for a single Louis d'Ore,

To part with half her saints, our church is willing,
 You buy 'em cheap—a dozen for a shilling !

Here

Here holy water, two-pence by the quart ;
 No soap so prevalent, to cleanse the heart :
 One drop or two, if squirted in your face,
 Your conscience scours, and fills your soul with grace
 Who purchases this flap of Mary's pinner,
 Which only touch'd, will save the vilest sinner ;
 More sacred still, this remnant of her shift,
 To Heaven which does the happy buyer lift ;
 No blot or stain, does now his bosom taint,
 But in a trice, a rogue becomes a saint.

HERE, we sell schemes for managing intrigues,
 Good, pious, wholesome tricks, for breaking leagues
 How folks may plunder, lye, forswear and kill ;
 Yet live and die good Gallic christians still.

*On the perpetual Lamps burning in the Chape-
 where the French Kings are inter'd.*

SEE round each mighty monarchs sacred shrine,
 In golden rows, what lamps for ever shine !
 With solemn rev'rence, blazing all to keep
 The vaults in safety, where their relics sleep.

holy church, no doubt, these tapers given,
 guide her saints securely up to Heaven !
 without whose light, they might have chanc'd to miss,
 their road, when blundering in the dark to bliss.

*the precipitate Flight of Marshal Contades
 after the Battle of Minden.*

How cheaply are his laurels won,
 With hostile gore his sword scarce stain'd ;
 Prussia, if not quite undone,
 The marshal thinks, 'tis honour gain'd.
 No Roman chief e'er claim'd a crown,
 Before his foes were soundly beat ;
 No hero wins the same renown,
 And claims a wreath for his retreat.

Fides Punica.

ARTHAGE, by falshood, gain'd an impious fame ;
 The arts of treacherous Gaul, are much the same ;
 Whose guileful looks, the mask of virtue wear ;
 No fight, not half so safe, as to forswear.

Rex Christianissimus.

HIS heralds sure, the title must misplace !
 A christian king, without one christian grace !
 Satan would triumph, and rejoice to see
 All monarchs, just such christian kings as he.

On the Death of the brave General WOLFE.

IN Britain's cause, when her fam'd leaders bled,
 We pour'd our sorrows o'er the generous dead,
 When Wolfe expir'd upon the hostile plain,
 'Twas not one chief—but half an army slain.

YET to his troops, he still continued kind,
 Leaving his courage, and his soul behind ;
 With the same glowing heat, while these behave,
 Yet, yet he lives, and conquers in his grave.
 In death, the hero does himself survive,
 He fights our battles still, as when alive ;
 Does his own spirit to each breast impart,
 And breaths a flame into each soldier's heart.

When

When warm with vengeance, pressing on the foe,
They lift the sword—'tis Wolfe that strikes the blow;
Eternal laurels, round whose urn shall bloom,
And, shade, for ever green, the warriors tomb.

*To the Statuary, design'd to erect General
WOLFE'S Monument.*

THE warriors outward form, and awful mein,
On the smooth-breathing marble may be seen ;
But, ah ! confess, with all thy boasted art,
The chisel wants a power, to shew his heart ;
Half the brave victor here, is well express'd ;
Our thought must add, and wonder at the rest ;
The figure still unfinish'd, till you find
The secret out—in stone to carve the mind.

On the speedy Reduction of Quebec and Canada.

TO distant worlds, the gallant troops we send,
Wait not for ling'ring time, to gain their end ;
With the proud foe, not long the warm dispute ;
At once they plan, at once they execute.

See,

See, from their walls, the daffard cowards run,
The fight half finish'd, e'er 'tis well begun !

THUS the wing'd bombs, the fearful eye amaze ;
Which threaten deaths like comets, when they blaze,
This moment whirls the shell across the skies,
The next—o'erwhelm'd in dust, the fortress lies.

To the French Admiral.

THE seas are open ; the fresh gale,
To quit their port does now invite ;
Will Conflans, nothing then prevail,
Or tempt your boats to risque a fight ?
'Tis conscious dread, and pale despair,
And not the adverse tide and wind ;
Hawke's colours waving in the air,
That keep your navy close confin'd.

A Doubt resolv'd.

LEWIS, deep musing, on a day,
His doubts unfolds, at Mary's shrine ;

And

And asks her, if his troops, should stay
At home next spring, or cross the Rhine?

To whom the virgin thus replies—
Consult with Pitt, what course to follow;
Who, from his tripod prophecies,
Better than I—or god Apollo.

You'll have his answer in a trice,
How to retrieve your lost renown;
This, I presume, his kind advice—

Go, sue for peace—and save your crown.

On the late British Conquests in America,

To Mr. VOLTAIRE.

SAY, poet; is thy muse asleep, or dead,
No raptures left thy bosom to enflame?
Thy country's glories once how pleas'd to spread,
And wider still to stretch thy monarch's fame!

Say, has thy pen no joyful news to tell,
Of kingdoms vanquish'd, and of battles won;
What numbers of his foes, at Minden fell,
And Britain, by his navies half undone.

Haft

Haft thou no present left, no brighter plume,
 Fluttering to swell thy Gallic king's renown;
 To hang his lilies, in the lion's room,
 And add one feather more to Bourbon's crown.

It's freight now landed on the British shore,
 Once the rich burden of his sugar'd fleet;
 Oh! say, must mighty Lewis, now no more
 At breakfast, drink his tea and coffee sweet?

How deep the fall, amazing to thy eye!
 Shall Bourbon from a life of glory past;
 That demi-god, that earthly deity
 Expire and die, a mortal light at last!

Windsor had once three captive kings confin'd,
 And Edward's hand, close bar'd their prison door
 Should Britain's genius still continue kind,
 Her sword perhaps may make the number four!

His flights how groveling, and how damp'd his fire;
 Thy pegasus has surely lost a wing;
 No theme now left, thy raptures to inspire,
 But a starv'd empire, and a bankrupt king.

* The arms of France and England,

*On the rapid Progress of the English Forces
in America.*

OF vanquish'd realms, the fame arrives so fast,
We scarce can tell, which province yeilded last,
One day, a fort—the next, an island won ;
This victory, by a second, still outdone.

Our blazing piles, so oft delight the eye,
Bring back the day, bright rivals of the sky ;
That billets in their price, must soon advance,
In Britain scarce, as Louis d'Ores in France ;
Yet her loud triumphs, while our fires proclaim,
Whate'er we lose in wood, we gain in fame.

*The Royal Edict, or the French Plate
melted down.*

A H ! Lewis, had it been your fate,
In our rough scuffles to stand neuter ;
Still had you din'd, and supp'd on plate,
Instead of vulgar poultry pewter.

The goblets in your rich beaufets,
 Your royal eye no more explores ;
 All melted down to pay your debts,
 To Livres turn'd, and Louis d'Or's.

The golden dishes on each shelf,
 In glittering rows no longer shine !
 Oh ! say, on platters made at Delf,
 Must monarchs like their subjects dine ?

Your schemes, next summer, to pursue,
 Melt all your silver idols down.
 If, turn'd to cash, these will not do,
 Send to the mint your mortgag'd crown !

The sacrilege tho' jesuits curse,
 Their saints all-ravish'd from their shrines ;
 Tell the bald tribe, an empty purse
 Reasons much better than divines.

Our swords, deep dy'd in hostile blood,
 If vict'ry still our arms pursues.
 Your subjects spoons, may be of wood,
 Oh ! mighty king, as well as shoes.

Fates dread decrees, none, none withstands ;
 The greatest bliss not long secure ;
 Must Gallic ladies, wash their hands
 No longer, in a golden ewer ?

Britain's brave troops, have fought so well,
 That if her power next year prevails ;
 France will have nothing left to sell,
 Except her Dunkirk, or Versailles.

On the Reduction of Canada.

To the F R E N C H K I N G.

A n O D E.

L E W I S, the forts you lately lost we fear,
 In English metre, may offend your ear ;
 For how can verse run smoothly and sublime,
 Each Indian fortress sounding harsh in rhyme :
 Your towns and castles storm'd, each British bard,
 To yoke in verse, finds it extremely hard ;
 What, tho' but seldom lucky in a fight,
 We own in courtly phrase, you beat us quite ;
 Doubtful

Doubtful the prize—each victor on record ;
 You with your pen, we conquer with our sword ;
 For, ah ! so clumsily our wits compose,
 We lose in verse, the same we win in prose ;
 If nought polite is in our language seen,
 Our stile quite rough, our swords are smooth and keen.
 Yet Conflans and Thurot you must allow,
 Are names less musical, than Hawke and Howe ;
 If not a poet born, Boscawen knows,
 Tho' no great rhimer, how to bang his foes !

TRY muse the task, tho' easier to rehearse
 Their names in prose, than slide 'em into verse :
 Towns sack'd, strong castles batter'd, battles won,
 And half the globe by Britain's troops o'erun,
 From pole to pole, whose dreaded navies go,
 Riding a-cross each sea, without a foe.

TICONDERAGO ! the rude rattling sound,
 The drum of every tender ear, must wound.
 In poetry, it bears a scurvy part,
 And rumbles in heroics, like a cart ;
 Apollo's self, tho all his power he rallies,
 Can't out-word, with Louifbourg that tallies ;

Of all the tuneful gods, 'altho' the prime;
 He must despair to match it with a rhyme;
 Crown Point is inharmonious, and we lack,
 A British word, to chime with Fontenac;
 Du Quesne a lumpish sound—and, oh! how rare a
 Figure in verse, makes your lost Niagara!
 Much harsher Guardaloup—and, yet Quebec
 Serves wondrous well, our poetry to deck;
 Most other names quite boisterous; yet we meet
 In Senegal and Goree, something sweet.
 Marigalante—how shall we confine
 The isle in verse, that almost fills a line!
 Yet it may serve our turn, suppose, we vary
 The islands name—and call it Gallant Mary.
 Port Francois! Bourbon, think not of the place,
 Sad witness of the Gallic fleets disgrace;
 After a short, but a severe debate,
 Where English frigates three, beat French ones eight:
 Nor must thy shore, fam'd Lagos be forgot,
 Whence brave La Clue limp'd home, but could
 not trot;
 His shatter'd shins with patience who sustains,
 And thanks the ball, which kindly spar'd his brains.

WHEN Dunkirk is become a British fort,
 We then may send you smoother lines to court;
 Refine

Refine our rude unpolish'd language, soon
 As e'er we learn our fleets have storm'd Toulon.
 The troops of captives, sent us home from France,
 Will teach us nicely now to frisk and dance ;
 And tho' no mighty warriors in a fight,
 Instruct our island to be more polite ;
 To smooth our rugged verse, each bard employ,
 Our George no longer King, but de la Roy.

On a late discarded General.

SAYS George, whene'er my conduct you decry,
 You have no way to hurt me—but to lye ;
 Says Will, a better way than that, we boast ;
 For he that speaks the truest, hurts you most.
 Useless the satire, and the falshood vain ;
 When truth attacks, and leaves a deeper stain.

NON opus est ficto, si vult te lædere quisquam ;
 Qui nihilum fingit, vulnerat ille magis.

On King James's Abdication,

WISE James, to keep his conscience clear,
Resolv'd an earthly crown to want ;
In Rome's fam'd annals to appear,
A pious king, and future saint.

His fate was odd, and hard indeed,
Which all good christian hearts must grieve ;
Losing three kingdoms for a creed,
Which he himself could ne'er believe.

On the same.

JAMES, strong in piety, in valour faint,
Ceasing to be a king, commenc'd a saint.
How great a foe to virtue, is renown !
One way to merit Heav'n—to lose a crown :
Ah ! wretched William ! of that throne possess'd ;
Which James resign'd, on purpose to be bless'd.

On

*Lewis petit of France to George King of
Great-Britain. A proud Compliment.*

NOT finish'd yet, altho' your navies bore,
Laurels each season from the Gallic shore;
Your fame compleated, now the world may see
This proof sufficient—you have conquer'd me;
Your tide of glory, can no higher flow;
Who humbles me, can dread no other foe.

*On the defeat of the French Fleet in the
Bay of Quiberon.*

BOURBON! what joyous news at court!

Still, still, by wicked foes perplex?
Your navies venturing from one port,
To hide and shelter in the next.

Yet Conflans, deem it not a shame,
From Britain's thunders to retire;
'Tis half a triumph, which you claim,
When sav'd from her avenging fire.

RICHMOND GARDENS,

An ODE.

*To the KING.**Habilarunt dii quoque filias.*

VIRG.

WHILE fame no more his bosom fires,
 Here Britain's king from pomp retires ;
 Beneath these rural shades confin'd,
 The love and dread of half mankind ;
 Scarce conscious, in the secret bower,
 What empires fear, or bless his power ;
 Where all his triumphs are forgot ;
 How well the hero led and fought ;
 The laurels on the main that grew,
 The ranks his victor squadrons flew ;
 His fleets that cover half the main,
 And Prussia rescu'd from her chain ;
 Which shook no more with dire alarms,
 Forgets her fear, to bless his arms.

No more with plans of glory fir'd,
 Thus Scipio once from Rome retir'd ;

By

By deeds like thine, immortal made
 The world exchanging for a shade.
 There in his life's declining ray,
 The warrior threw his crowns away ;
 Forgot his wreaths, more pleas'd to view
 The groves where first his laurels grew.
 Each thought of fairer conquests o'er ;
 Even Carthage warms his soul no more ;
 Who finds that peace in grotto's live,
 Which fame and triumphs could not give.

FROM shades, like these, the Gods of old,
 The future fate of realms foretold ;
 Whose arm in battle should succeed ;
 What state was doom'd to rise ; or bleed !
 From Jove's dire cloud, with thunders red,
 What perjur'd monarchs had to dread ;
 Who next should fall a sacrifice,
 To the dread vengeance of the skies.

LET Richmond now for Delphos stand,
 And nations wait the fixt command
 Of Britain's king ; like fate's decree,
 Who curbs, or sets whole empires free.

And

And dreadful to each tyrants ear
 Fills Paris, and Versailles, with fear;
 Damps Bourbon's heart, where'er he sits,
 And throws the woman-king in fits;
 Who hears the canons voice with dread,
 That shakes the crown on Austria's head.

STILL with fresh wreaths your brows adorn,
 And while he fears, let Lewis scorn!
 With proud contempt your armies view,
 If when he smiles, he trembles too.
 While o'er each foe, your power prevails,
 And crowds your ports with captive sails;
 Her wealth each day, the Gallic fleet
 Pouring in streams at Britain's feet;
 While up the Thames each golden tide,
 The treasures of both India's ride;
 Which twice ten thousand slaves employ,
 To reap those harvests you enjoy.
 To climes remote, your triumphs known,
 Half the wide western * world your own:
 Whose swarthy sons, for peace or mercy sue;
 And, France forgotten, bend the knee to you.

* Canada.

How

How dread, brave prince, when both combine
 And Heaven's just vengeance seconds thine ;
 To lay the earth's proud tyrants low,
 Who combat thus a double foe ;
 Since kings against your power that rise,
 Must dare, or else deride the skies.
 Which your strong arm with courage fire,
 And aid that zeal, they first inspire ;
 Nor can desert a sword so brave,
 Ne'er drawn but to protect and save.

In action bold, in counsel wise,
 Here with your own great heart advise ;
 What foe shall next your vengeance fear,
 And tremble, when your troops are near.
 If Gaul, or Austria shall afford,
 The next fair wreath, to bind your sword ;
 Which to your hand Astræa gave,
 As she directs to wound or save ;
 Yours the great work, by Heaven's decree
 From chains, each injur'd realm to free :
 To awe, to strike ambition dead,
 And shake the plume on Bourbon's head.

FORGETTING here your own renown,
 What glories beam from Britain's crown ;
 Close by your side, let * William stand ;
 Attentive to his Sire's command !
 Who bids the gallant warrior go,
 And charge, where Albion finds a foe !
 With your own flame his breast inspire,
 Catching from you that generous fire,
 Which, without fear your hero led,
 To the dire field, with slaughter red ;
 Where the brave chief in raptures flew ;
 And fought, and smil'd—with death in view !
 Not half so proud, to boast his name,
 As imitate a father's fame :
 By triumphs, which his youth adorn ;
 Proving himself of heroes born.

YET, ah ! since Heaven has yet in store
 To pay your worth, one blessing more ;
 Mature at last in deathless praise,
 Here change the Laurel for the Bayes.
 In this calm scene, reflect no more
 On empires, which you sav'd before ;

What

* Duke of Cumberland.

What distant worlds, your vengeance dread ;
 O'er what wide seas your navies spread ;
 The victor's wreath, here thrown away ;
 For once the warrior's flame allay ;
 All Europe's jarring states compose,
 And plan the bleeding world's repose ;
 Owning the monarch's glory less,
 To conquer half the globe, than bless.

THUS Jove, against his earth-born foes,
 Clad in majestic terror rose ;
 But when his angry arm, that held
 The flaming bolt, their rage had quell'd ;
 The God's avenging thunders cease ;
 And all Olympus smiles in peace.

*A mournful Epistle from a Jacobite orator in
 Oxford, to his Jacobite friend in London.*

SAYS K——g to Sheb——re, dearest friend,
 What can we think a worse disaster ;
 Than when we strive the realm to mend,
 Each week, it blunders on the faster ?

We warn poor Britain of her fate ;
 Point out, what schemes alone can save her ;
 Who ne'er will learn, till 'tis too late ;
 What arts are practis'd to enslave her.

Advis'd so often to rebel,
 She still her German monarch prizes ;
 In spite of all the tales, we tell
 Of debts, of taxes, and excises.

The isle has got her wits again,
 And every hopeful plot miscarries ;
 Tho' oft invited by our pen,
 Still, still at Rome our Jemmy tarries.

What tricks, how many have we try'd,
 With mimic sorrow, feign'd grimaces ;
 Each patriot, in each sheet bely'd,
 To blast their fame, and fill their places.

Britain, in vengeance will be wise,
 Still the same stubborn isle we find her ;
 Resolv'd, unkindly to have eyes,
 Tho' we have us'd all arts to blind her.

What

What ink, what paper have we lost,
 How many nights and days of thinking;
 Not paying half the printer's cost,
 Our works in every garret stinking !

Oh ! say, what stratagems, what art,
 What dreams, dear friend, hast thou in keeping,
 To swell with grief, each foolish heart,
 And set all Britain's fools a weeping ?

Tell folks, to kindle feuds and jars,
 And with dire statutes to affright 'em ;
 The senate means to tax the stars,
 Next spring, which to the playhouse light 'em.

New lengths of witty scandal run,
 To give each subject's faith a trial ;
 Let's swear, each man must hire the furr,
 Or not have leave to keep a dial.

Let us rail on, whoever fears,
 'Gainst duty, conscience, oaths and reason ;
 Our printer's ready with his ears,
 Tho' you and I commit the treason.

Let us then both consent to swear,
That France has fifty ships or more ;
All man'd, to waft her lawful heir,
And land him safe on Britain's shore.

That soon this mighty fleet would fail,
That brings our rightful sovereign over ;
By the first tide, which would not fail,
To lodge him safe at Deal or Dover.

Let Britain then revere our powers,
Which in her schemes may once defeat her ;
Whose knaves and fools have long been ours ;
Let Pelham boast his numbers greater.

The devout Prayer of a despairing Monarch.

Flectere si nequeo superos, acharonta movebo. VIRG.

THE Gallic Cæsar, musing all alone,
Pensive and anxious, on his royal throne :
Tortur'd by turns 'twixt hope and pale despair ;
To Pluto thus a address'd solemn prayer.

DREAD

DREAD monarch, in night's gloomy veil array'd;
 Thy power's rever'd in hell's infernal shade;
 At thy Tartarean altar, see, I bend,
 Tho' Heaven rejects my vows, be thou my friend;
 Since long I have in vain invok'd the skies,
 Thy Hell may lend that aid, yon Heaven denies;
 And deaf to all my wishes, when I pray,
 If Saints will not assist me, Furies may.

HER schemes to blast, and projects to controul,
 Dart all thyself, dread power, into my soul!
 My hopes of paradise I could resign,
 Were Britain, that detested island mine;
 Welcome thy sulph'rous cells, could I go down
 My brow adorn'd with perjur'd Brunswick's crown;
 While shouting ghosts below my fame would own,
 Who nobly brush'd a tyrant from his throne.

ERYNNIS! lend me then thy keenest stings,
 Thou great revenger of all injur'd kings!
 To desperate bloody deeds my soul encline;
 Be all thy scorpions, all thy fury mine!
 No power but thine, can my request fulfill,
 My friend, my guide, my best instructor still;

H

On

On Britain first, my dread, detested foe,
 Let my rage burst, and let my vengeance glow ;
 O'er all her realms, let desolation reign ;
 Purpled with streams of blood, each hostile plain ;
 Then, then, no future rival should I fear,
 If Fred'ric's blood once smok'd upon my spear :
 If prostrate once I view'd that hated foe,
 Great Nero's self would envy me below ;
 His brave, and bold exploits would less admire,
 When smiling he beheld his Rome on fire.

H O L L A N D.

Epigramma Pun-icum.

HER treacherous friendship would you understand,
 Instead of Holland, name it Hollow-land !
 One vowel only chang'd, the change but small,
 Hell-land, not Holland then her realm we call.
 The race of frogs long here had their abodes,
 Now turn'd into the residence of Toads :
 The spotted viper scarce so great a plague,
 As poisonous vermin, nourish'd at the Hague.

THE knotty question, critics, pray debate,
Which dread we most—her friendship, or her hate;
In every state, a faithless, false ally,
More dangerous, than an open enemy.

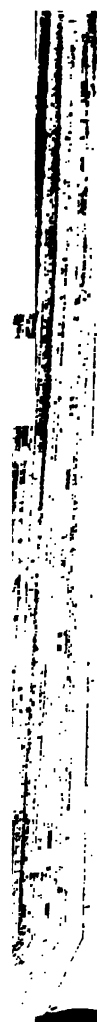
THROW off the faintly vizard, since we find
The mask too thin, to hide devil behind;
No fence against the secret murderer's wiles,
Without a sword, who stabs you with his smiles
From Heaven, a miracle we must demand,
E'er Holland can become a Holy-land.

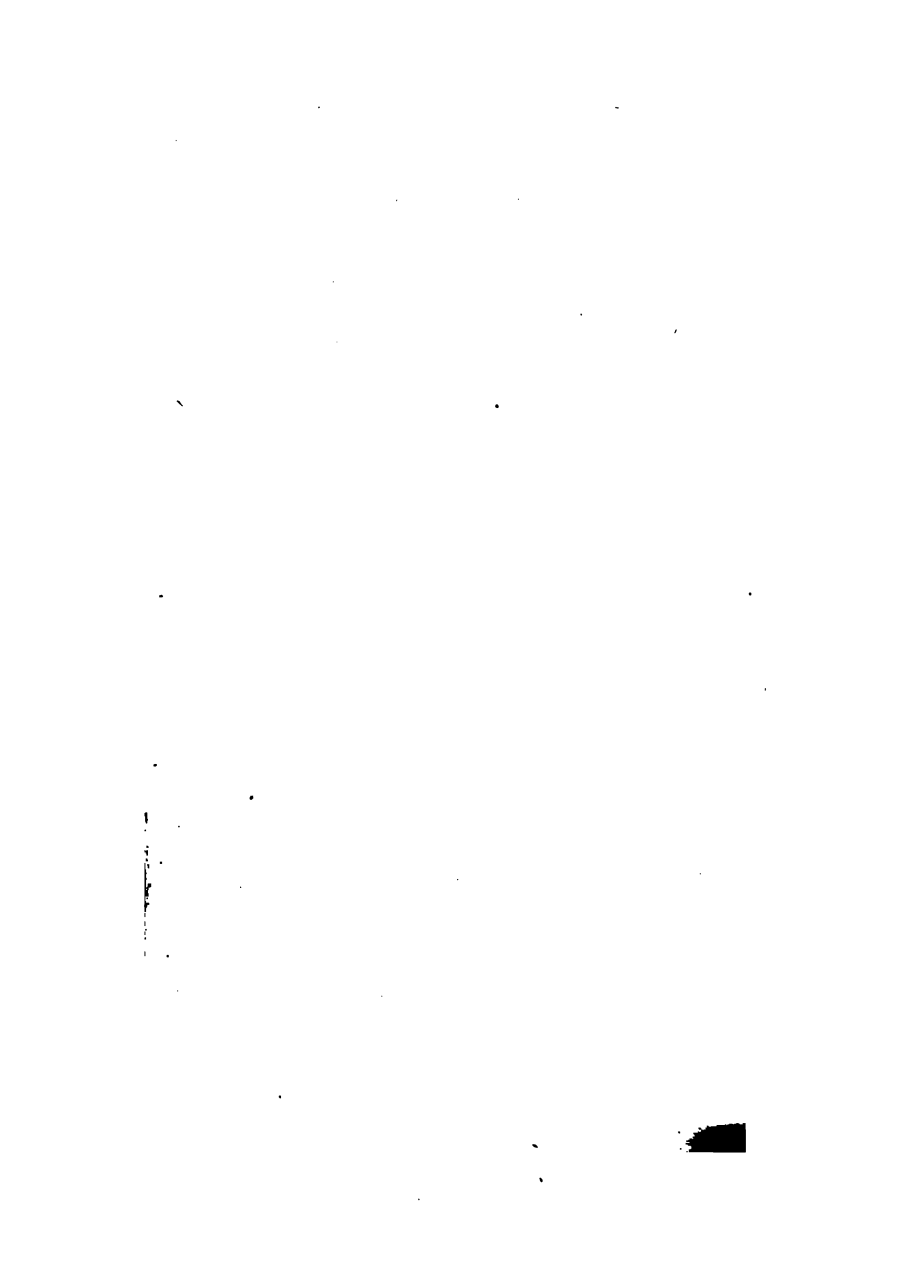
THE' the worst ill, damnation is confess,
Yet Belgia, if undamn'd, must be unblest.

Aliter fit.

FRANCE in a foe, has found a kind ally,
And Britain in a friend—~~an~~ enemy.

F F N I S.







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the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in all age groups, but the increase has been most marked in the young (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of young people (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The National Institute for Mental Health (NIMH) in the USA has estimated that 10% of the population under the age of 18 has a mental health problem (NIMH 1999). In the UK, the prevalence of mental health problems in young people is estimated to be 10% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems in young people is increasing, and this is a cause for concern. The Mental Health Foundation (1999) has estimated that the prevalence of mental health problems in young people will increase by 50% by the year 2010.

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